Number Tens

By ALICE C. MEYER-WING

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

MATTIE REYNOLDS took stock of her wardrobe: a half worn-out coat, a three-year-old flimsy blue silk and two print dresses, a wool sweater and one pair of shoes without holes in the soles. Nothing to wear anywhere. Certainly nothing to wear to a wedding. And Joe had just sold the calves for a hundred dollars.

What a lot of things a hundred dollars would buy. . . . Oh, well, she knew when she married Joe Reynolds that his farm—

"But there's just one more payment after this, honey," he'd said when she mentioned a rug for the bedroom—and clothes. "Clothes? Why, girl, you always look dressed-up to me, and as for a rug—well, you just wait till the last payment is made. It'll hurt your eyes the way we'll doll up. Just one hundred more and my girl'll have a home."

And now had come that invitation to Ernest's wedding. "And I haven't a thing to wear," she told Joe, "except that flimsy old silk—and I hate it, Joe."

But Joe was immovable. The payment must be made promptly. "And as for that wedding invitation—"

He didn't finish the sentence but Mattie knew the invitation hadn't interested her husband. Well, it interested her—and they'd go. It would be the last affair of any kind they would attend together. She'd endured this old, unpaid-for farm as long as she could. One suitcase would hold every garment she possessed. Joe could have the dishes; their few pieces of furniture. She was sick of the whole mess.

But she would like to look nice at Ernest's wedding. Ernest had been fond of her in the old days.

Well, there were those two five-dollar bills hidden away in the toolhouse. Joe was saving them for seeding the small meadow. And there were four dollars and seventy cents—she'd kept careful of the count—in her dime bank, almost another five. Joe had been dear about dimes for her little bank—but too determined about business. Always business first, with Joe.

"Fifteen dollars would buy that flowered satin dress she'd seen in the window of the village store, marked down from twelve-seventy-five, and shoes. The very best shoes in the store would cost less than five dollars.

Here her glance rested upon Joe's best on the closet floor beside her own. Their bulk reminded her of something Ernest had said once, about Joe's "number tens" being in the way when her future husband had been slow to catch a figure in the square dance. She had resented the inferred comparison at the time. Ernest wore sevens.

Thoughtlessly, she picked up the big shoes beside her own small ones, idly turned them over. Why! there were holes in the soles. Joe's best. Joe would go stark naked to make those detestable payments. Well, let him.

Let's see. Where was she? Yes, her dime-bank money for shoes; the ten dollars for the satin dress.

She would walk to the village.

She paused before the mirror in the store window. The fresh air had lent additional color to her cheeks, a bluer blue to her eyes—why, three years couldn't be an eternity. She was still young, and lovely—and there was the flower-budded dress. She felt a bit of civic pride as she looked at the store things in the windows. Like a shop in the city. Men's articles on one side. Women's on the other.

With her hand on the doorlatch, she faced the men's window: Shoes. Well, what of it? Of course there would be men's shoes in the men's window. Except for one pair, all her own had holes in the soles. This stony country left its mark, and she and Joe—

But Joe hadn't even one pair without holes in the soles. These men's shoes in the window—the price screamed at her—were exactly four-seventy. Warm, thick-soled, dressy looking.

She was suffocating . . . . too warm in the store. She would walk to the post office. Those shoes—she would look at the other window as she passed through the door.

She walked past the post office, turned and passed it again. On down to the the blacksmith shop. Back again: Rosebuds. Men's shoes. Rosebuds. But she must hurry. She'd planned hot biscuits for Joe's supper. She smiled, thinking of her husband's boyish liking for hot biscuits and his pride of her skill in making them. And how proud he was of—Heavens! Why need she, at this moment, remember his pride in her economies! He must never know how she'd felt about these farm payments. It was for her he'd been so determined . . . . a home for his girl . . . . comforting . . . . protecting. . . . She put her hand to her face, wet with tears.

A thousands loving little characteristics that were Joe came rushing through her mind. Good, genuine, big-footed Joe. Tears were streaming now. Thinking of Joe—and weeping. She liked men with big feet. It took a good foundation to build one. Joe was a builder. Her husband. She loved him.

She would press the old blue silk, put fresh lace in the neck. Joe had always told her how sweet she looked in blue; blue like her eyes. But she must hurry.

Boldly, she re-entered the store—and when she left it, she carried a single package under her arm: Men's shoes. Number tens.

CAR LAUNDRY
Electrically washed and polished.
TAXI SERVICE
All hours—Anywhere
TRUCK SERVICE
LOCAL and Long Distance
WM. H. COOPER

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Rasin was given a very pleasant surprise on Thursday evening when about 25 friends and relatives called to celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary all enjoyed a pleasant evening and wish Mr. and Mrs. Rasin many more happy anniversaries.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30. Rev. Mr. Wills, of Wilmington, Del., will preach. There will be special music by singers from Wilmington.

Service as usual in the M. P. Church next Sunday.

Mr. Norman Pennington and Miss Carrie Lipscomb spent the Easter holidays here with their parents.

Mr. Frank Roader visited friends in Newark, Del., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rollison, of near Worton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Weer.

Miss Annie Simonds, of Baltimore, visited her friend, Mrs. Redmile, over the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smyth spent the holidays with relatives here.

Mr. Oscar Comegys and friend spent Easter here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Rasin, Mr. and Mrs. James Kirby spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Urie, of Richardson Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Myers and Mrs. Eva Primrose spent the week end in Baltimore.

Mr. James Archibald and family and Mrs. Rachel Hill spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Green at Church Hill.

Miss Nola Hill spent some days with Miss Mildred Owen, of Wilmington, Del.

Mr. Joe Weer spent the Easter holidays in Washington, D. C.

Miss Alice Kennedy spent a few days in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley and family, of Chester, spent a few days here with Mr. Josevh Oliffe.

Mrs. George Glenn and Mrs. George Johnston are on the sick list.

GALENA

Misses Mary and Eva McCauley, of Philadelphia, spent the Easter holidays with their mother, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

Miss Mary Carroll Smith, of New York City, spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Smith.

A number of St. Andrews P. E. Congregation attended the Easter services at Shrewsbury on Sunday, March 27.

Miss Ella May Hicks spent the Easter holidays with her uncle, Mr. Frank Rodgers, in Washington, D. C.

Rev. T. O. Wills, of Rockland, Del., will preach in the Presbyterian Church in Georgetown, Md., Sunday at 3.15 p. m. April 3rd.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle Gilfillan entertained at dinner on Sunday a number of friends and relatives from Newark, Del.

Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Hess are attending the M. E. Conference at Salisbury, Md.

Messers. Jed and Robert Welch, of College Park, Md., students at University of Maryland, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Welch.

Miss Helen Jones, of St. Mary's City, Md., is spending the week with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. George R. Jones.

Miss Ethelie Prettyman and Mary Jane Martin spent Easter with the formers parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Prettyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence R[illegible] of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson.

Mr. Dennis McCauley, of Dover, Del., spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cochran.

Mrs. James Mulford attended the funeral of her niece, Miss Grace Tucker, at Smyrna, Del., on Thursday.

Mrs. Ella Patterson is visiting her daughter in Baltimore, Md., this week.

Mrs. Helen Kent, Miss Clara Bolton, of Wilmington, Del., pent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolton.

Miss Anna and Price Stradley spent the Easter holidays with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Stradley at Easton, Md.

TURNING AND LOOKING

Lot's wife, who looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, has nothing on my wife. She looked back and turned into a telephone pole.

RED STAR LINES, Inc.

DeLuxe Motor Coaches leave Chestertown Daily for Hurlock and Way Points 5.30.

Tolchester and Way Points 9.30 a. m., 4.10 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

Sunday only 9.30 A. M., 4.15 P. M. (Making Baltimore connections.)

Kent Island Ferry and Way Points 10.35 A. M. Daily except Sunday.

L. W. BARROLL
Counsellor-at-Law
EQUITABLE BUILDING
Corner Fayette and Calvert Streets
Baltimore
"IN CHESTERTOWN SATURDAYS"

Typewriter Doctor

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

THE cashier of the Brookville bank looked up from his desk as Sylvia, his competent little stenographer, entered his office humming gayly.

"Why the mirth on Monday morning, Miss Sylvia?" he asked.

"The old, old reason—joy in having created something!" she told him.

"Tell me—let me be joyful, too," persisted the cashier.

He had known Sylvia since her childhood. Theirs was a friendly, family acquaintance as well as a business association.

"I will—but you won't like it," Sylvia laughed.

"Oh—conceived the idea of getting married, I suppose."

Sylvia raised her hands in protest. "Not at all. But the effect on you will be just the same. I am going into business for myself."

The cashier listened while the girl unfolded her plan. The idea had come to her on Saturday morning like a flash of lightning from the unknown spaces. She had recognized it at once as an inspiration, and all through the week-end she had been turning it over in her mind until now it was a concrete plan all formulated and ready to put into action.

"Then you'll be a typewriter doctor, I gather," said the cashier when she had finished her outline.

"Yes—that's an attractive way to call it. There is no one in town who can mend a machine. You know yourself what a nuisance it is when the typewriters here in the office are out of order. We have to send to the city and not only pay the man's expenses but wait till he finds it convenient."

"Oh, I think you have hit upon a splendid idea. I—of course we hate to lose you, but we can't expect a girl with your ability and ambition to go on working for some one else at perhaps twenty dollars a week. Go to it, Miss Sylvia, and we will give you all the support we can."

Thus Sylvia severed her connections with the Brookville bank but she took with her all the good will of the officers and employees who, one and all, promised to help her to get launched in her new venture.

She found a diminutive office on the main street and called herself a "Typewriter Doctor." She had a native mechanical sense and more than a little practical business ability.

It was not long before Sylvia was very busy, and she had found it necessary to make a few trips to the city in order to learn from the makers of various machines a number of intricate little peculiarities of their own typewriters. But she was quick and determined to succeed. Nothing seemed too difficult. She was happy and busy and she was experiencing the thrill that comes with achievement.

One morning a young man appeared in her office.

"Good morning," she said cheerily.

The visitor explained that he was a writer and that he lived on a farm outside the limits of the city. His typewriter had become very badly in need of parts and repairs while he was in the middle of some work for a weekly publication. He asked whether he might bring in his machine and perhaps rent one for a few days. That was his problem.

Sylvia assured him that that was her work, and she had several machines on hand that she could let him choose from. For by this time she had not only gone into the business of renting typewriters but she had acquired the agency of a neat little portable machine and was making handsome commissions on this.

If the young woman recognized another finger of fate pointing the way to her pathway she did not admit it. She confessed to herself that she was glad Mr. Bob Saunders would have to return for his machine. She liked him.

In a day or two, Bob Saunders appeared again. He was buoyantly happy.

"You are a mascot as well as a good typewriter doctor, Miss Bates," he said.

"How do you know?" asked Sylvia, for his machine was not ready.

"I have sold the story I wrote on the rented machine for more than a third again of what I have ever received before from the same people," he told her enthusiastically. "Now I can well afford to get the parts."

He remained in the little office longer than was necessary, but Sylvia kept on working. He was lost in admiration of the deft, easy way in which she went about mending this machine, adjusting that one, cleaning another.

It became a habit—watching her.

"Could you—perhaps—doctor the heart of typewriting man, Miss—Sylvia?" he asked her one day after many weeks.

"I—might, if it needed it," admitted Sylvia.

"I think if you would—we—we could make a success—together." Bob wrote better than he talked.

But Sylvia managed to understand. And her response was all that he had hoped for.

"And, besides, the doctor needs a partner," she told him afterwards.

Fame as a Penalty

"Fame," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is a penalty as well as a reward, since it immortalizes a great man's errors no less than his achievements."—Washington Star.

WM. PEPPER CONSTABLE
Attorney at Law
Maryland Trust Building
Baltimore, Md.
In Elkton, Md., Tuesdays

JOHN W. BARROLL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Phone No. 10 Chestertown, Md.

Fossil Remains Blamed for Defects in Teeth

It is a long call from the mastodons—giant elephants that roamed over North America 50,000 years ago—to the teeth of Arizona school children, but there appears to be a clear connection as reported from the Arizona experiment station of the Department of Agriculture.

A large number of the inhabitants of the village of St. David, Ariz., had a peculiar condition of the teeth known as mottled enamel. This was found in every person whose permanent teeth had been erupted in the locality. It was finally traced to the drinking water, mostly obtained from artesian wells.

Analysis showed this water to contain an abnormal amount of the chemical element fluorine. The deeper the wells the less fluorine.

Further research in the vicinity revealed deposits of fossilized mastodon bones and tusks. This contained considerable quantities of the rare element. The conclusion was that the long dead animals constituted at least one source of the impurity in the water that affected the children's teeth with a presumably incurable defect.—Detroit News.

Masterpiece of Nature That Defies Puny Man

In 1890 the owners of a tract of redwood timber near Porterville, Calif., attempted to fell a giant redwood tree but failed. The tree was sawed through from both sides at an angle and although cut through was held as in a vise. A little Irish lumberjack used a charge of black powder in the cut, but all that the charge did was to move the sawed end of the tree an inch in its resting place. Had dynamite been available at the time the tree would not have been saved. Men at that time were engaged in the forests cutting stakes for use in fencing in the valleys. Hitching posts were turned out and were in great demand in front of all business places in the towns of the treeless valleys of California. But the tree that refused to fall though cut entirely through, still stands, dead of course, in the dense forest near Porterville.

Maple Tree Sap

The movement of sap in the maple tree is described generally as follows: It is the watery solution which circulates through the vascular tissue in woody plants. The ascending current consists of the water of imbibition in which are dissolved various salts obtained from the earth. This so-called crude sap passes through the xylem portion of the vascular bundles to the chlorophyll-containing tissues, the leaves in most plants, where the surplus water is transpired into newly formed carbohydrates and proteids through the phloem or sieve tissue to the parts of the plant which may require them, the descending current often being called elaborated sap. From this it will be seen that the sap taken in tapping a tree is the type of sap which has already formed the carbohydrates and proteids and is therefore largely from the descending or elaborated sap.

Defense of Hobbies

It was "Tristram Shandy" that made Lawrence Sterne famous, but he had other hobbies than writing novels, many of them, books, shooting, painting and fiddling. His excuse for indulging in so many hobbies was framed in words like these: "Have not the wisest men in all ages, not excepting Solomon himself, had their hobby-horses, their running horses, their coins and their cockle shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles and their butterflies? And so long as a man rides his hobby-horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you nor me to get up behind him, pray sir, what have you or I to do with it?"

Needle Long in Heart

That Edward Sell, forty-five, of Hayes, England, carried a needle in his heart for more than four weeks was revealed by X-rays. Sell was working on an airplane when a needle in the apron of an upholsterer was driven into his breast. It was considered too dangerous at the time to operate. Four weeks later an operation was tried, but had to be stopped before the needle was removed. Sell died soon afterward, and a needle two inches long was found in the left ventricle of his heart.

Resin Industry Growing

In 1834 the copper kettle and condensing worm were first used for distilling crude resin. Practically the same form of still is in use today. By 1850 the world was finding new uses for both turpentine and resin, which constantly increased the demand, causing a steady growth of the industry. Today about two-thirds of the world's naval stores are produced in the southern United States, and approximately $50,000,000 are invested in the business.

Not Through

Little Bobbie went to the school for the first time. When he came home in the afternoon all tired and apparently disgusted his grandfather said:

"Well, well, my little man! What did you learn today?"

"Nothing, Grandpop," answered Bobbie, with a sigh, "and I have to go back again tomorrow."

Toothsome Discoveries

Just how long ago cooks discovered that pumpkins and squash were not exclusively provender for cattle is debatable, but whether or not the use of pumpkins for pie filler was a case of necessity, the framer of the first pumpkin pie is entitled to a rising vote of thanks.

It must have been the southern darkies who brought into existence the sweet potato pie and the 'lasses pie, that rich concoction whose next of kin in the North is the caramel pie.

Ties That Bind

By BERTHA LEAH CROSS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

NAOMI STEVENS sat on the back porch watching the dusk as it settled over the garden. To her, this time of day was the loneliest, and the hour when she felt the most let down, tired, old and disillusioned. This night she was feeling unusually so because of the letter from Laura, the second she'd had that week. In the latter she pleaded even more urgently with her to accept her invitation to go to Europe as her traveling companion.

"If I only could," she whispered. "But here I am, as always, tied hand and foot by mother. If mother could only see, could realize how terribly she hampers me in everything I want to do. Talk about the selfishness of the young—it's nothing in comparison to the old. They think only of themselves!"

All of her life Naomi had craved a good time. She longed for travel and excitement.

First it had been her father, who, parsimonious to the point of miserliness, had forced both her and her mother to scrimp and save; to go without and make over, while he hoarded his money. Then when he had died, ten years ago, each had lacked initiative and urge to get out of the rut into which their lives had settled. It had taken but these letters, however, to light the flame of desire in Naomi's crushed ego.

"There's money," she told herself, "plenty of it. If only mother can be aroused . . ."

But the mother—a self-effacing little woman who had lived for forty years under the domination of her husband. Cowed, timid, shrinking, after these years of bondage. What force could galvanize her and make her forget her husband's reiterated statement: "Women's place is in the home." Could she be freed, emancipated from that obsession?

Naomi was now forty-five. She had let youth go by as she had love. Fred had become tired of waiting.

She had been a lovely girl with a wealth of curly, brown hair and large, wistful eyes filled with dreams. Other men had been attracted. But they, like Fred, had been appalled by too much interference, and later by too much prospective mother-in-law. They had passed by to other less hampered girls.

Now had come this opportunity. Galvanized into life, she let her thoughts dwell on this chance of a lifetime. Even the words in the letter were etched on her mind: "Come on, Naomi," her friend had written. "Check your mother with her sister and come with me."

The tears came now, faster and faster, stinging her eyes, overflowing—a perfect torrent of heart-breaking tears of longing.

Suddenly the tears stopped and she set up with a snap. The fire in her eyes dried the tears: "I'm going!" she said aloud. "I'm going to Europe with Laura. Mother can go to California with the Lawsons." Red spots appeared on her cheeks. She had decided.

She began formulating in her mind her plan of procedure. First she would write Aunt Hattie that her mother was coming, if she could make her, and ask for her help. Then she would write Laura that she would arrive in New York ready to sail the seventh of July.

"I'm going to spend, spend, spend!" she said recklessly. "I am going to make myself young again and see life. For every dollar I've denied myself, I'll spend two."

After supper she walked to the village for the evening mail. She posted a letter to Laura telling her she would meet her in New York the sixth. "I've burned by bridges now," she thought. "I'm going straight home to break the news to mother. I'll find new interests, and new life, and youth," she told herself.

"Mother," she said abruptly. The swaying rocked stopped at the tenseness in Naomi's voice.

"Yes? What is it, Naomi?" Her tone held a mild surprise.

"I'm sailing the seventh of July with Laura."

"Sailing?" in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, sailing for Europe on the seventh. And I've made arrangements for you to stay with Aunt Hattie while I'm gone."

"You've made arrangements?" icily. "I haven't lost my mind, have I? Well, you've certainly taken a pretty independent step." Her quick anger cooled. She laid a hand on Naomi's with a quick pressure. Suddenly she laughed. "Child, you was afraid to tell me? I wondered what you had on your mind for a week."

"Yes, I was afraid. I was afraid you'd not want me to go. Oh, mother," her voice breaking. "I've got to go. I can't let this go by, as I have everything else in life." Her voice as growing shrill and rising a little. "Can't you see? Can't you understand?"

"I certainly can see," her mother replied slowly. "I have wanted a vacation for years and always thought I had to stay here at home on your account. But from now on, Naomi, these ties that bind are going to be elastic. They are going to stretch. For a month I've bin trying to get up courage to tell you that I'm dying to go to Californy. I've always wanted to go—and now I'm going."

New Bricks For Sale

Will deliver by Truck anywhere up to 30 miles. Prices range from $16.00 to $20.00 per 1000.

JOHN SCHAUBER

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Korychi, of Baltimore, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Duyer last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crew and daughter, Thelma, of North East, were the guest of her mother, Mrs. Blanche Loller last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cooper, and Mr. Laurence Lee, of Wilmington, attended the funeral of their aunt, Miss I. C. Cooper Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams are being congratulated upon the arrival of a fine son.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Rouse and daughter, Ann, of Aberdeen, spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Rasin.

Mrs. Blanche Loller who has been visiting friends in Baltimore has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor moved into thei rhome this week.

Miss Ann Matthews and friend, of Palmyra, N. J., spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Matthews.

The Ladies Aid will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Harris Thursday afternoon, April 7th.

Mrs. Walter Moffett, of near Chestertown, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. John Duyer.

Better Young Turkeys

BY FEEDING

Rose Bud Turkey Laying Mash

PRODUCES MORE EGGS

—AND—

STRONGER POLTS

Get Our 500 Pound Prices

Brooks' Mill

Chestertown and Worton, Md.

Lessening Sadness

Is the First Duty of the Funeral Director

My excellent system of arranging the details for each and every funeral entrusted to my care leaves with those upon whom I wait, a feeling of confidence and satisfaction that the last offices were performed with such perfect harmony as to greatly lessen the sadness connected with such an event

B. R. FELLOWS

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

STILL POND, MD.

Phone 3.

THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO

OF KENT COUNTY, MD.

Insures Property Against Fire and Lightning

All Policy Holders Participate In The Company's Profits

Conservation and caution its motto. Nearly three million dollars worth of property insured.

DIRECTORS

R. G. Nicholson, J. D. Bacchus, F. G. Usilton, T. W. Eliason, Jr., Allan A. Harris, Eben F. Perkins, Edward W. Emory, P. Medford Brooks, Chestertown; Howard Turner, Betterton; Wm. A. Hyland, Galena; W. R. Wilson, Ingleside; James P. Brown, Church Hill.

APPLICATION FOR INSURANCE MAY BE MADE TO E. C. Bowers, Lynch, Md.; W. E. Leary, Rock Hall; B. W. Dulin, Millington; R. Wroth Stavely, Lynch; Frank H. Ruth, Galena; G. W. Owens, Betterton; Allan S. Walls, Sudlersville; Howard Turner, Betterton; F. E. Thomas, Stevensville; Abner Bryden, Rock Hall.

FRED. G. USILTON, President.
EBEN F. PERKINS, Sec.-Treas.

Chestertown Rock Hall

R. ELLIS CLARK

UNDERTAKER

Modern Funeral Home at 118 Front Street, Chestertown.

Rock Hall office at Mrs. Annie Durding's store.

TELEPHONES
Chestertown 345 Rock Hall 57

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8227-0119